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The Anchor



R. J. C. E.

All College Number

THE ANCHOR

HELEN LOUISE HILL

Hers was an understanding heart
And a soul of quiet song.
Like the sunshine carrying blessings
And the peace of eventide
She dwelt a while among us.
Our world is a place of riches;
Her presence has made it so,
Her stay but a fleeting moment,
Her gift an eternity.

Bertha Louise Scott '32.

It is as a colleague that I knew Miss Hill best, and it is this aspect of our association of which I wish to write. We began our careers as members of the faculty of Rhode Island College of Education at the same time—she with some trepidation, perhaps, because as a native of Rhode Island and an alumna of the College, she had a reputation to sustain; I, because of my ignorance of conditions in the State and in New England as a whole. But, although our environments hitherto had been different, we soon found that we had much in common, and our partnership in the work of the department, once formed, persisted through the years to the end. I talked over with her problems which perplexed or troubled me just as she consulted me often, and dozens of girls in college now and in positions in all parts of the State can testify as to the qualities which Miss Hill had as friend and confidant. Her sympathy and understanding were no more remarkable than her level-headedness.

We too often take cheerfulness

and good humor for granted in lives as crowded as ours, but when these qualities are never failing day by day through the years they are too precious to be taken for granted. I think this is the characteristic which has been most often emphasized when students or members of the faculty have mentioned Miss Hill.

Miss Hill's desire to build up a high standard of scholarship for the history department was one with my own, and her work as an instructor was based on solid scholarship. Her own development during those years was so marked that other members of the faculty mentioned it to me on several occasions, and I know they mentioned it likewise to Dr. Alger. In addition to her teaching she finished the work for her Master's degree and was enrolled as a student at Brown University three terms. She also was planning to study a year at Harvard when her failing strength made it necessary for her to conserve her vitality in the fight for life itself. Her summer vacations were spent in such a way that they enriched her own life and the

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lives of all those who came in contact with her. She traveled across the continent and this experience was reflected in her teaching day by day; she traveled in Canada; she spent a summer in Europe. I shall never forget how her face glowed when she talked about any of her experiences; and the account of her trip to Spain will be remembered by all who heard it as one of the best talks which have been given at the Wednesday Assembly.

She was happy that it was possible for her to go home every Friday afternoon, and her relatives and friends were happy to have her with them. I have never known anyone to whom home meant more. A full life, a beautiful life has been lived among us, and we are the richer thereby.

M. L. S.

MEMORIA IN AETERNITATE

A greivous shock, as deep as mortal life,
Rent asunder the blessed lethargy,
To wrack the spirit in riotous thought,
As spectres of the mind, malevolently,
Taunted and mocked the ever-widening void
Of years to come; the heart, o'ertorn with strife,
Found no natural outlet in a tear;
But, losing all faith in the Omnipotent Love,
In blind childlike abandonment, it sought
Earthly relief in reproaches to Him above.

But Memory, divine Nepenthe, gently wrought
Her healing power; the silent-speaking words
Deftly and surely struck responsive chords:
From out the stricken chaos, crystalline clear,
Burst the vision of peace with God and man
Whilst the soul stood test at Death's first blow.

Then followed sweet remembrances of thee:
How thy firm faith, kindly steadying hand,
Interpreted that passage from Egypt to Canaan;
How thy philosophy "Only believe"
Taught my wearied soul to accept, not to grieve;
How can the thoughtless say that Death's dark door
Has severed love's close bond forever more?
Heaven continues friendships Earth begins;
I know that thou art ever hovering near
With unslumbering eyes and steadfast heart
And as I meet Life's tests, my prayer shall be
That thine effect may always live in me.

Evelyn M. Earnes '31.

AN IN MEMORIAM

From life to life she passed; no death is here.
This is a step of progress, not the end.

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I hear her saying with a voice of cheer,
'Tis of life's nature to ascend.

From love to love she passed; sweet
love she knew,

And breathed it here as freely as the
air;

But love as tender, love long-tried
and true

She knew was waiting for her over
there.

From good to good she passed; her
gentle heart

Found good in others, passed the evil
by;

So of the good she grew to be a part
And 'mid the good her pathway still
must lie.

Life's lesson she had learned, had
drained the cup

Of earth's experiences of smiles and
tears;

It was her time, then, gladly to take
up

The higher labors of her grander
years.

(Selected)

*This poem was submitted
by an Alumna.*

IN MEMORIAM

*"And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which we have loved long since, and
lost awhile."*

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has called to its Eter-

nal Abode the soul of Helen Louise Hill, a loyal alumna of this College, a consecrated teacher, a friend whose sympathy and understanding were boundless; and

Whereas, our beloved teacher has left us to cherish in blessed memory the spiritual fragrance of Christian womanhood characterized by sincerity, gentleness, and kindliness which endeared her to all of us; now, therefore,

*Be it resolved by the students of
Rhode Island College of Education*

That we are thankful for the serenity and beauty of the life of Helen Louise Hill which touched the lives of all of us who were privileged to be members of her classes or to be associated with her in any capacity, and

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the parents and relatives of Miss Hill; and be it further resolved

That these resolutions be read in the presence of an assembly of Faculty and students of the College; a copy of them be preserved among the permanent records of the Student Co-operative Association of Rhode Island College of Education; and a transcription of them be handed to the parents of Miss Hill.

(Signed) *Student Body of Rhode
College of Education.*

May the soul of our late teacher and friend rest in peace and may Light Perpetual shine upon her in the presence of God.

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REQUIESCAT IN PACE

With an unassuming manner
Born of the truly great,
She went about her daily tasks,
Quite unaware of fate.
Possessed of an understanding
Reserved for the numbered few,
She sympathized with human needs,
And human problems, too.
And now her quiet friendliness
Will be a mem'ry dear
To the Faculty and students
Of all the College here.

Kathleen F. Kelley.

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Professor Waite	Miss Thompson
	Miss Thorpe

Financial Report for the Year 1930-1931

RECEIPTS

Subscriptions and Single Copies.....	274.35
Advertisements	236.15
Booster Roll.....	32.62
Miscellaneous	3.91
Total Receipts.....	547.03

EXPENSES

Deficit	27.55
Printing	472.30
Miscellaneous	2.74
Ricoled Advertisement	5.50
Mailing and Exchanges	5.76
Bank Fine	1.00
Total Expenses	514.85

Balance, September, 1931 32.18

Respectfully submitted,
ELIZABETH C. LAURENCE.

Audited by
BENJAMIN SINCLAIR

EDITORIAL

The Anchor Staff once more welcomes a Freshman Class. With the prevalence of a great economic depression over the world, a college education has again reached some of the unattainability that was so evident many years ago. Matriculation at Rhode Island College of Education is, indeed, a privilege. Four years are before you—four years of pleasant association and purposeful study.

The coming days will bring great changes in your lives. There will be a deepening of your philosophy, and a broadening of your aims. Your lives are yours to mold as you will; you are the "masters of your own fates." Guide your paths well, so that as you approach your Commencement Day, you can look back on careers of merited achievement.

Editor.

Students Viewpoints

The active undergraduates of the College meet the newly installed point system with unanimous approval. To the Freshman who will grow up with it, its importance will never be fully realized, but to the older classmen it means better organization throughout the College.

This system is a carefully thought out plan by which no one person may attain more than ten points with regard to positions of honor in the College. Every position has its specified number of points depending on

its rank and importance. There are three places which automatically take on ten points and prevent the acceptance of any other position. These three are the Editorship of the Anchor, the Presidency of the Senior Class, and the Presidency of the Student Council.

With real worth and honest merit designating the choice of candidates instead of fickle popularity, the point system will blaze a pathway of progressive accomplishment for classes of the future.

Mary Louise Hall.

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A COURT OF APPEAL

I read someone's thoughts the other day. Her meditations ran, as mine have often done, somewhat like this:

"If a few once profess their willingness to work together, all activity in the future will be laid across their shoulders. They alone will bear the burden for the sake of the majority."

Why must this always be so? It seems to be a most human trait to shift responsibility. I grant that some are more capable than others. Nothing of worth ever begins without a leader, but the cooperation of the many is necessary to carry any enterprise of value to a successful finish. It is so always. One alone can do nothing; but with union, ah, what we can do!

We seem to have discovered that principle here in our College. Yet how sadly we have misapplied it! We have apparently tried to secure union in producing noise and confusion, rather than in attaining well-bred quiet. We have found that two persons speaking in low tones in our corridors make only a very slight disturbance. Therefore, we all proceed to drown them out by shouting as loudly as possible, while we clatter at top-speed down the hall, regardless of classes being conducted in near-by rooms. Or, not satisfied with

quiet conservation in our small classrooms, we must converse in the loudest tones possible, not even ceasing when the bell rings.

Whenever the tide of my anger rises particularly high, I am reminded of the indignant hubbub aroused by a certain article in a college paper not long ago. How we stormed against such ridiculing, degrading accusations! Yet are we not detracting from the good name of our college by our thoughtlessness? We will rue our conduct when some day we are forced to apologize to an official guest because we fell far short of his expectations!

There is a considerate, thoughtful minority who are trying hard to enlarge their number to a majority. But they can't succeed *alone*! Let us apply that rule of proportion in the right way; let us see how much quiet we can produce by cooperation—not how much noise! I hold that boisterous laughter and undignified behaviour may be questionably permissible in private, but most certainly should have no place in our college halls. Remember we have chosen this institution as our Alma Mater; let us uphold her and help give her such a reputation as we will be proud to claim for her in later years.

Avis Marden '33.

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RETROSPECT

The day had at last arrived; the fatal hour had struck. The climax of our school career was here—September 14, 1931, our entrance into R. I. C. E.

With bated breaths we approached. The doors of R. I. C. E. swung open and drew us gently, firmly within her portals.

Heads high, but inwardly trembling, we walked through the long corridors to meet we knew not what. How delightfully were we received, how very much made welcome! The upper classmen, our upper classmen

now, were kind and friendly to the timid little Frosh. How tactfully they made us feel at ease!

Although we were awed and somewhat timid in our manner then, the strangeness has now worn away and we find ourselves one with the all encompassing unity of R. I. C. E. The awe we had felt has turned to deep affection for the sacred traditions of our College, and we hope that in our own way we may be able to carry on the traditions and works of the classes that have preceded us.

Agnes Keenan '35.



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OUR FRESHMEN

(apologies to Robert Browning)

Oh, to be a Freshman

Now that fall is here

And whoever is a Freshman

Sees spread before him clear

Four years in which to live and grow

Four years to reap what he will sow

*A store of fun and work and know-
ledge*

*His world to conquer, his part of
college.*

All this for the Freshman—now!

Three short years ago my class was the unknown quantity of the College. We were the all-important, self-centered, enthusiastic Freshman. To the Faculty and the upper classmen we were new material to carry on the traditions and uphold the standards of a college that is entrenched in a strong place deep in their hearts. Of course, we did not know how closely we were watched, how our ranks were searched for interesting personalities, eager students, capable leaders. We were too busy checking facts—who were the best dancers, the best looking, the most friendly, in whom were the qualities of fun, audacity, scholarship paramount.

Today walk through our halls, alert and observant, and you will catch fragments of conversations in every freshman group:

“Oh, do you know Mary Blank? Isn’t she the clever girl—you should see her history notebook! There’s dear little Ellen May. She is simply adorable—I’ll bet she’d make a good

social committee member. And Jane Doe! Isn’t she a scream? She isn’t afraid of anyone! Do you know what she did the other day?”

And so on and on—Freshmen finding their leaders through superlatives, italicizing the very characteristics which are going to make them known as the new bearers of the standard, “Upward and Onward.”

Now, as Seniors, we look back at the personalities we were as Freshmen. They seem not ourselves, nor even a part of us, but entirely different people whom we knew long ago. We have been through much together, and we have all taken part in the great law of life-change.

As we realize this, we too look toward the Freshmen—the ones who are now the unknown quantity, and even at this early date we find them beginning to show the superlatives of the qualities necessary to the progress of our College. May I say that I think the class of ’35 an unusual group? There is a friendliness about them, a willingness to learn, and a desire for the best which will take them far along the road the Class of ’32 is leaving soon. I hope that the potentialities they have will develop and gain things worthwhile for themselves and for the College. Then will the traditions and fame of Rhode Island College of Education glow steadily with the faith of those who “boldly follow the gleam.”

Madeline E. McCabe '32.

We Welcome the Freshmen

Anderson, Dorothy	Higgins, Rita M.	Mulligan, Jeanne E.
Atwood, Alice B.	Ibbotson, Phyllis A.	Murray, Blanche M.
Barrows, Helen F.	Jeremiah, Titica M.	Myette, Marjorie A.
Beagan, Mary L.	Johnson, Jennie A. C.	O'Connell, E. Natalie
Beane, Mary C.	Kaltsas, Olga E.	O'Grady, Daniel H.
Beaudreau, Dorothy M.	Kasper, Sadie	O'Neil, Elizabeth A.
Bernstein, Edith	Kearns, Marion V.	Orme, Kathryn R.
Brown, Janet E.	Keating, Adelaide M.	Orme, Mary L.
Burns, Doris G.	Keenan, Agnes E.	Peterson, Ethel M.
Bye, Laura M.	Kenson, Helen M.	Plante, John T.
Canning, Mary C.	King, G. Olive	Potvin, Emelie P.
Carr, Helen M.	King, Mary C.	Prodrat, Irving
Colton, Mary G.	Kniznik, Estelle S.	Pulsifer, Margaret M.
Conca, Alice V.	Lamb, Katherine M.	Robert Estelle
Condon, Mary E.	Lamoureux, Claire	Robinson, Rita E.
Corcoran, M. Evelyn	Lannon, Anna H.	Ryan, Eleanor F.
Corrente, Veronica A.	Lefebvre, Theresa C.	Sheldrich, Elinor E.
Davis, Ruth M.	Lodge, Rose D.	Sherlock, Mary E.
Dennigan, Marion R.	Lombardi, Helen L.	Shippee, Pearl E.
Doobovsky, L. Bernard	Lowrey, Dorothea E.	Smith, M. Grace
Dunn, Mary E.	Lynch, John J.	Sohigian, Vera
Edmonds, Joseph W.	McCabe, Monica A.	Speedwell, Helen M.
Egan, Margaret C.	McCaffrey, Anne J.	Stott, Eileen F.
Fennessy, Frances C.	McCanna, Charles H.	Struck, Pearl V.
Fitzpatrick, Mary G.	McCarthy, Anne M.	Sullivan, Anna B.
Fox, Marguerite E.	McCarthy, Eileen M.	Sullivan, Elizabeth
Fox, Mary E.	McGlinchy, John E.	Sullivan, Helen L.
French, Helen M.	McKee, Margaret	Sullivan, Marion E.
Giblin, Mary K.	McKenna, Florence M.	Sutton, Ruth V.
Gladding, Mary E.	McKenna, Frances L.	Taylor, Dorothy
Goldman, Martha	McKeown, Nina M.	Theroux, Anna C.
Gomes, Rosealine S.	McLaughlin, Mary V.	Thomas, Emily
Gray, Gladys E.	McLoughlin, Margaret L.	Thomson, Elizabeth A.
Hackett, Mary P.	McManus, Anna R.	Turbitt, Rosalind G.
Hall, Irene L.	Maglioli, Celia M.	Weidemann, Alice M.
Hall, Syvilla R.	Malafronte, Mary	Whalen, Margaret M.
Handel, Mildred C.	Matteson, Mildred	Wheat, Ardell H.
Hazard, Elsie F.	Michie, Ellen J.	Wilcox, Winifred V.
Hayes, Alice M.	Molloy, Eleanor L.	Willard, Charles B.
Hardman, Clara	Morrissey, Jane B.	Wood, Audrey, M.
Hanley, Gertrude T.	Mullaney, Katherine M.	Zorca, Lina C.

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WE WELCOME ALSO

Miss Miriam Coplan, R. I. C. E. '31, as teacher in Grade in the Henry Barnard School.

Miss Mary C. McInerney, R. I. . E. '31, as Instructor in Physical Education in the Henry Barnard School.

GRADUATE STUDENTS AT THE COLLEGE

Sarah Baker, B. L. I., graduate of Emerson College, Boston, 1930; Vito Castaldi, graduate of Providence College, 1930; Bernice Church, A. B., graduate of Pembroke College, 1930; Gregory W. Coughlin, A. B., graduate of Providence College, 1931; Mary M. Crowley, B. B. A., graduate of Boston University, 1930; Ida Fera, B. S. graduate of Rhode Island State College, 1931; Ruth Hascall, graduate of Lesley Normal, Boston, 1931; Edmund J. Hetherman, Ph. B. graduate of Providence College, 1931; Francis G. Lee,

B. S., graduate of Rhode Island State College, 1931; Joseph Leonelli, Ph. B., graduate of Providence College, 1931; William T. Macdougall, B. S., graduate of Rhode Island State College, 1931; Charles C. McCormack, Ph. B., graduate of Providence College, 1931; Bernard H. Podrat, Ll. B., graduate of Boston University, 1931; Allan L. Rayner, A. Z. graduate of Upsala College, East Orange, N. J., 1931; Paul J. Roddy, A. B., graduate of Providence College, 1931; Frances P. Scott, B. S., graduate of Rhode Island State College 1931.

Special Students at School

Donald K. Gifford, Leland Powers School, Boston; Orelly M. Gifford, Leland Powers School, Boston.

Transfer Students

Juliet Arnold, from Wilson Teachers College, Washington, D. C.; Claire Stevens, from Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Ohio Sketches

(Every summer, as far back as I can remember, has been spent on my Grandmother's farm between Leo and Byer, Ohio. Here I have had ample opportunity to observe and grow to love the habits, characteristics, and speech of these people. I have tried to bring to you a few glimpses of this rural life.)

GRANDMA'S BUTTER

"It sure be powerful warm to-day, Luella. Fetch me a pail of water from the well. Now, mind you don't dip too deep, we ain't had rain for a right smart while, and I'm not a hankering after havin' sand in the bucket."

"I'll take care of it, mother," replied Luella, in a tired voice. It seemed that for the last forty years, she had heard Grandma complain about the well's going dry.

"Luella, run shoo them hens out of the garden. They'll scratch up the turnips, if we don't watch 'em."

"Yes, mother. You finish your churning, I'll take care of the hens."

Hearing Luella's voice raised in a loud "Shoo, shoo," and seeing her flicking her apron, Grandma resumed her churning.

With the churning completed and the golden butter molded into its crocks, Grandma tied her faded blue sun-bonnet under her chin, picked up her heavy walking stick, and started down the road to the village market about one mile away.

It was an exceptionally hot day, and well did the people of the sun-baked hills of Southern Ohio know it. Grandma dressed in her blue gingham dress and clean white apron, found it necessary to stop every few minutes to wipe the sweat from her face.

Catching a peculiar odor, particularly well known to the residents of the country side, she stopped and sniffed. Yes, there was no mistaking it, she had lived in the country all her life, and there was no odor comparable to the one she smelled now.

Fearing for the safety of her butter, she determined to find out the source of the disturbance.

Leaving her precious basket of butter at the side of the road, she cut across the grass to a secluded nook.

There she saw the lank, lean form of Charley Drake, the village half-wit. His unexpressionless face was lighted with a dull smile. Hanging from his left hand were five black and white kitty skunks. In his right hand, trailed a civil war musket.

"Charley Drake, what are you doing?"

"'Lo, Aunt Mary. I hain't a doing nothin'. I jess caught these here kitties. I'm going to take 'em home so Paw and I can raise 'em. We'll sell 'em this fall and make a right smart lot of money."

"Yes, you'll make money, but look what I've lost. The scent of those

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pole cats has spiled the scent of my butter."

"Tell you what I'll do, Aunt Mary, I'll let you have the skunks. You can take 'em home and keep 'em till next fall. Then Paw and I'll come over and skin 'em. Then we'll sell 'em and give you enough money to pay for your butter."

This was too much for Grandma. She straightened to her full height, tried to compress her nostrils and between her few remaining teeth, managed to say.

"Charley Drake, now you go long home, and don't let me ever catch you skunk hunting along this road on my market day."

THE HOME COMING AT EVERGREEN

Every type and description of an automobile produced since 1900 was parked on either side of a dusty road leading through the quiet country district known as Evergreen. Under the drooping shade trees, a lone horse or two nibbled the sparse grass.

Standing on top of a slight elevation, adjacent to the road was a small, square, white church. The children ran in and out of it dropping bits of cake, candy, and an occasional quid of well masticated chewing gum.

Grandma was specially interested in the home coming this year. Why? Well, first, because her son, who had made good in the city, was coming back with his wife and two daughters. Secondly, because the Good Lord had given her strength enough to go this year.

Homecoming was the gala event of the year. People came from far and near, and preparations went on for weeks beforehand.

The two girls from the city, unfamiliar with the customs of dress in

the country on such an occasion, spent much time in elaborate preparation. Hoping to impress some youthful masculine farm hand, they had dressed in crisp organdies, French flop-brimmed hats, and white shoes and stockings. Imagine their amazement and horror when they saw the lean, lank forms of Jim Harper and Joe Whipple, who were lounging against a tree, attired in overalls. And all the women were dressed up in fresh gingham with clean white aprons.

"Wall, if it ain't Lew and Sally. I hain't saw you sence four years this coming August. Don't you remember me? No? I'm Effie, Silas Harper's girl. I reckon I have changed quite a mite. How ya been? And are these your girls? It's been a right smart time sence I seen them. How do, girls. Hope you have a good time today. 'Jes make yourselves to home."

Jean and Lyn nodded their heads, and with a pleasant thank you, made a hasty departure.

"What shall we do, Lyn? I hate

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like poison to hang around here all day."

"Search me, let's see if we can't dig up some country hayseeds."

But the country hayseeds were otherwise employed. This was their big day. Before the dinner there was to be an entertainment, and every person from two to ninety was included on the program.

What a program! Jean would never forget to her dying day the way in which little Irma Brown shouted out, "Curfew shall not ring tonight." And Lyn went into positive hysterics when four of the leading citizens of Tick Ridge attempted to sing "Asleep In the Deep."

"I'm so hungry I feel as though my throat were slit," whispered Jean as she nudged Lyn.

"You don't have to tell me anything. I would do a double-barreled hand spring if someone would even offer me a dog biscuit."

But good things can't always last, so the program finally came to an end.

Instantly there was a mad dash for the side yard, where appetizing odors were rising in the air.

"Come on, Lyn, my nose tells me we'll find food."

What a sight met their eyes as they rounded the corner of the church. A long table, extending from one end of the yard to the other, was covered with every possible kind of food imaginable.

Seeing Jeff Sweeney, with a heaping plate of food, the girls approached him.

"Mr. Sweeney, how can we get something to eat?" asked Lyn.

"Why, step right up, girls, and help yourselves. Them victuals is for everybody."

"You mean we can take anything we want from any place?" gasped Jean.

"Why, sure, why not? You're hungry ain't yar?"

With that sally he picked up a deliciously browned piece of fried chicken and started to eat it.

"Come on, Lyn, we're going to eat."

Arming themselves with plates, knives, forks, and spoons, they started at one end of the table and finished at the other.

Trying to find a place to eat, they almost collided with Draper Nichols, whose body was twisted and torn by rheumatiz.

"Where shall I begin?" gasped Jean, looking down at her plate covered with fried chicken, boiled ham, pickles, olives, devilled eggs, beets, beans, potato salad, cheese, apple pie, sandwiches, and meat loaf.

"Don't know, solve your own battles," said Lyn as she crammed her mouth with food.

After doing full justice to the heaping plate, the girls, following the example of the others, joined the line for water to wash down their meal.

The huge twelve-gallon crock, with its small piece of ice and lone piece of lemon, had certainly served its purpose.

Hearing their mother call, the girls hastened to her.

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"Girls," said mother in a lowered voice, "how did you like your lemonade?"

"Oh, all right, it was wet, that's about all," replied Jean.

"Would you care for any, Mother?" offered Lyn?

"Oh, no, dear, I've watched the children for the last half hour, dip in and out of it, wash their hands in it, and throw several things into it."

"What, and do you mean to tell me that you've sat calmly by and let all of us unsuspecting victims drink it?"

"What could I do? It's a picnic, isn't it?"

With that Jean and Lyn retraced their steps for a nextra piece of Aunt Finey's black walnut cake.

The table was deserted with the exception of Draper Nichols and Old Doc Drake. Draper, whose ordinary diet consisted of corn pone and salt pork, sat stuffing himself to the limit.

"Enjoyin' yourself, Draper?" inquired Doc Drake.

"Reckon I be, I'm getting filled up now."

"You'd order be, I heerd ya et a whole sheep the time ya was a threshin' over on Jeff Sweeney's place."

"It's a lie," calmly replied Draper, "I only et half a one."

DANNY'S SHINE

Danny Jenkins, a curley-haired, blue-eyed youngster of sixteen, wished to act grown-up. It was the bane of his existence when the other country boys boldly pulled out plugs of B. and L. and firmly lodged huge chunks in their mouths. Danny couldn't stand the taste of 'backy, so what was he to do?

Saturday evenings, when all the week's chores had been finished, the men and boys of the country-side grouped in front of the old country store.

Each boy had his tale to tell of the previous week. Little Danny was there every Saturday evening, apparently drinking it all in. Up to this evening, Danny had always sat silent, his round blue eyes growing larger

and larger as the stories grew and grew.

On this particular evening, the topic of conversation was "moonshine." Old Silas Harper's still, over on Tick Ridge, had been raided.

"Why in tarnation did they have to raid that still?" piped up aged Jeff Sweeney.

"Don't know, maybe they thought his business was getting a mite too good," said young Tom Harper, nephew of Silas.

"'Twas the best still this side 'er Skunk Holler," muttered Simeon Brown.

"Yeh, and I guess them revenue officers will be hittin' the bottle every now and then," offered old Doc Drake.

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Up till now, young Danny had been sitting quietly by. Slowly rising, he pulled a small brown bottle from his coat.

"Fellers," he said with an air of solemnity, "you all won't tell nobody nothing if I tell you somethin,' will ya?"

A chorus of no's rose from the expectant group.

"What ya got on ya mind, Danny?" asked Joe Harper. "I'll just bet you've been a settin' in the heat too much today."

"Honest I ain't, I'm telling ya the truth, fellers. I've gone and got some of that there whiskey from Silas Harper's still."

"Be yourself boy, I'm sure ya worked too hard in the field today. The sun's sure got ya going, Danny."

Danny, unshaken by this good-natured joking, calmly put the bottle to his lips and drained deeply.

There was a sudden hush while Danny coughed, spat, rolled his eyes, and smacked his lips.

"Wal, I'll be gol durned," responded Jeff Sweeney, dropping his jaw two

inches lower.

Instantly there was a hubbub. Everyone wished to sample some of Danny's liquor. But Danny had other thoughts.

After thoroughly impressing the residents of Tick Ridge, Danny quickly started down the road saying, "Good night, fellers, see ya at church to-morrer."

The men, not wishing to miss out on any good shine, promptly pursued the quickly disappearing boy. Danny, hearing their footsteps, started to run. It was a mad chase, ending with Danny Jenkins's rolling in the dirt and Jeff Sweeney's sitting proudly on top of him, brandishing the bottle.

"Seeing's possessions' nine points of the law," roared Jeff, "I'll just take the first nip."

Raising the bottle to his lips, he took a deep draft. Utter consternation spread over his ruddy face.

"Wal, I'll be dod-burned, it's nothin' less than cold tea and sugar mixed together, fellers."

Mary Louise Byers.



Shadows on the Rock

Willa Cather

Quebec in the latter part of the seventeenth century was struggling valiantly to maintain French standards and to glorify its existence through perseverance, pioneering and above all, Faith. Willa Cather's newest book, "Shadows on the Rock," reveals the old and vigilant city on the St. Lawrence at this particular period. We mingle with the kind and hospitable French colonists who inhabited the city placed high above the world amid the shadows of its rocks, as easily as we mingle with our neighbors.

Here is presented history in its most beautiful form, and brought to us in that exquisite and unequalled style which has assured Miss Cather a place with the classicists. Modern American literature has one more basic milestone in this most supreme

effort in months from any of our contemporary novelists. It is very easily and worthily comparable to the author's best works such as, "My Antonia" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop."

After a veritable flood of books about gangsters, war, and sex, this book should be, and no doubt will be, read and appreciated by a great majority. It is as soothing and inspiring as a rosary and unfolded just as reverently and tenderly. Its fine points are numerous and impressive. The simplicity and beauty of the construction, the sincere religious atmosphere, and the naive and permanent characters are those that can issue only from the pen of a master. Miss Cather has earned an enviable position as one of the few finished and foremost writers of contemporary literature.

Fred B. Hutchins '33.

FLEET

A full moment
Of ecstasy
Glorious; Love
Flees from me.
Impish, he
Laughs with me;
Love is like that
Sheer ecstasy.

Kathleen Kelley '34.

DO YOU SING?

Do you sing as you work?
I do.
Work is made lighter by song.
Do you sing as you play?
I do.
Play is made freer by song.
But whether you sing at work or play,
Or whether you mourn your life
away,
This much I know—
Life is made sweeter and brighter
If you sing a song each day.

R. E. Bean '32.

Do You Know That

Professor Robert M. Brown worked on the Year Book for National Society for the Study of Education during the summer vacation. He also wrote articles for the American Year Book and for the Home Geography Monthly.

Dr. Charles Carroll attended meetings of the National Education Association in Los Angeles during the summer. He has completed his book, "Rhode Island—Three Centuries of Democracy."

Mr. C. Owen Ethier spent the summer traveling in Europe. He visited France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and the British Isles.

Professor Thomas Herbert Robinson taught in the summer school of Harvard University. He was demonstration teacher in Junior High School English and assisted Professor Charles Swain Thomas.

Miss Lillian Swan spent the summer traveling, studying, and sketching in Europe. Miss Swan visited Italy, France, Switzerland, and England.

Professor Frank E. Waite was director of the Y. M. C. A. Summer School in Providence during the summer.

Miss Neva Langworthy was a member of the faculty of the Y. M. C. A. Summer School.

Miss Margaret Waldron traveled through the Canadian Rockies and to Alaska during the summer.

Professor Elmer S. Hosmer spent the summer at Bustin's Island in Casco Bay, Maine. During the summer he wrote several songs for children and a Christmas Anthem.

Professor Adelaide Patterson taught summer school at Laurelton Hall, a convent in Connecticut.

Miss Marion MacMillan spent the summer vacation as a director at one of the city playgrounds.

Miss Mary A. E. Easton and Miss Emma G. Peirce spent the summer at their camp in Maine. During the summer they motored to Vermont to hear Robert Frost.

Miss Prudence Fish was counsellor at Camp Hoffman.

Miss Marjorie Bean attended Boston University Summer School.

Miss Mary T. Thorp also attended Boston University Summer School.

Miss Mary Keegan and Miss Winifred Gleason attended classes at Providence College Summer School.

Miss Miriam Coplan was counsellor at Camp Truda in Maine.

Miss Isabel Woodmancy attended Harvard University Summer School.

Miss Mary McInerney attended Harvard University Summer School.

Miss M. Josephine Feeley attended the School of English connected with Middlebury College held at Bread Loaf Inn.

Miss Jeanne Bachelin spent the summer in Paris.

Mr. John G. Read conducted a private summer school at Riverside, R. I.

THE ANCHOR

Mr. William E. Sloane attended meetings of the Convention of Printing Teachers in New York during the summer.

Miss Mary McArdle was appointed by Governor Norman S. Case to represent Rhode Island at the demonstration of Visual Education in Washington, D. C. during the summer vacation. Miss McArdle was accompanied by two pupils from the Henry Barnard School.

The class of 1932 has elected Miss Catherine M. Martin, of Providence, editor-in-chief of the *Ricoled*. The following members of the Senior Classes were named to serve on the board: Miss Madeline McCabe and Miss Isabel Steadman, assistant editors; Miss Ruth E. Bean, secretary-treasurer; Miss Mary Pierce, business manager; Miss Florence Ward and Miss Marjorie Pease, assistant business managers.

The Press Club has elected the following officers for the semester: Miss Madeleine P. Hanley, '32, president; Miss Alice C. Hannan, '32, vice-president; Miss Catherine M. Martin, '32, secretary; Fred Hutchins, '33, treasurer; Avis Marden, '33, historian. Professor Thomas H. Robinson is in charge of the Club.

Il Circolo Manzoni has elected the following slate of officers: John McInnes, '33, president; Miss Elena Checca, '32, vice-president; Miss Beulah Searle, '32, secretary; and Miss Marcella Schneider, '32, treasurer. Professor Gaetano Cavicchia is faculty adviser of the organization.

The newly elected officers of Alpha Rho Tau are Miss Elena Checca,

president; Miss Catherine Skalko, vice-president; Miss Ruth Anderson, secretary-treasurer. The club is under the direction of Professor Harriet Sherman and Miss Lillian Swan.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Professor Elmer S. Hosmer, entertained at the Alumni Luncheon at the Narragansett Hotel during Institute. The officers of the club are: Dorothy Gray, '32, president; Frances Kearns, '34, vice-president; Alice Hannan, '32, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Frances Lynch, '33, is the new president of the Nature Club. The Club, under the direction of Dr. Marion D. Weston and Miss W. Christina Carlson, has planned a series of hikes this semester. Miss Madeline McCabe, '32, is vice-president and Miss Annie Tyler, is secretary-treasurer.

The Dramatic League opened its season, Wednesday, November 4, with three one-act plays. The plays, which were presented in the College Auditorium, were enthusiastically received by members of the student body and their guests. "The Flattering Word," by Kelly, presented by members of the Faculty was an innovation and was accepted with marked appreciation by the audience. The League plans to present "Outward Bound" as its winter production in January. The officers of the League are: Fred Hutchins, '33, president; Grace Carroll, '32, first vice-president; M. Dorothy Mooney, '32, second vice-president; Anna Sullivan, '32, secretary; and Joseph MacAndrew, '34, treasurer. Professor Adelaide Pateerson is director of the Club.

THE ANCHOR

Cap and Gown Day will be observed by members of the class of June, 1932, on Thursday, December the third. The usual ceremony of investiture will take place in the morning during the chapel period. In the evening there will be an informal dance for members of the Senior Classes in the College Gymnasium. Miss Frances Stackhouse is chairman of the Cap and Gown Day Committee and is assisted by Miss Beryl Mitchell, Miss Janet Waterman, and Miss Mary Pierce.

The Athletic Association in cooperation with the Junior Class plans to hold a basketball game and a dance in the College Gymnasium on December eleventh. The purpose of the affair is to bring back the Alumni of the college for one night in which to renew old friendships. The game, which will be played between members of the Alumni and the Varsity team, will begin at seven-fifteen. The dance which will follow the game is under the direction of the Junior Class Social Committee and Rudolph LaVault, president of the Athletic Association.

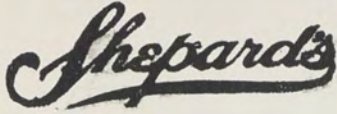
Fifteen candidates reported at the first practice session of the men's basketball team. Beside the regular lettermen the team will be further strengthened by the return of Capt. Joseph Itchkawitch, Rudolph "Pat" LaVault and Raymond Biber, all three of whom were out last season because of illness. Excellent freshman material in Charles McCanna, Daniel O'Grady, John McGlinchey, John

Plante answered the call. The first game is scheduled for Dec. 5 against R. I. State Freshmen at Kingston. The first home game is with the Alumni, Dec. 11.

The season tickets are due to appear the third week in November. How much? In keeping with the times—50 cents. This is very reasonable considering that there are seven home games scheduled—East Greenwich Academy, Brown Freshmen, Providence Country Day, Duffee Textile, New Bedford Textile, East Providence Faculty, and R. I. School of Design. The charge for a single game will be 25 cents. Season tickets constitute the only means of support for the Association which in turn supports all athletic activities at the College. This is an excellent chance to prove your college spirit, notwithstanding the decided advantages of a season ticket.

Candidates for girls' basketball were called out the last week of October with Miss Langworthy in charge. Despite the loss of Mary McInerney, the star forward, the coach expects another winning team. The Varsity this year plans to play Pembroke and R. I. State, in addition to the inter-class contests which usually arouse wide interest among the student body.

The Men's Club is another new feature at the college. It comprises members of the undergraduate student body as well as graduate students. The officers are president, Paul Dion, '32; vice-president, Harry Knight, '32; secretary-treasurer, Joseph MacAndrew, '34.



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